

# COURAGE VII

PORT ELGIN & AREA CASP  
SEPTEMBER 2001 - MAY 2002



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Port Elgin & Area CASP  
September 2001 - May  
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**Editor's Note: We do not wish to see any readers offended by the contents of our yearbook. These stories are often based on real life experiences and they become part of our daily journals and writing process.**

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PORT ELGIN COMMUNITY ACCESS CENTRE

## **OUR YEAR**

This has been a very busy year for us. We had quite a few young people join our class. Some stayed and others found work or had transportation problems which meant they had to quit. We did up the Christmas treat bags as usual. We went to Frenchy's on a field trip. You will see the reviews and pictures in this yearbook. We had a guest speaker come in to talk about anger management. The students even brought friends in for the session. Peter made a delicious cake for us the day the ladies from HRD came to visit. Antonija brought in goodies to tempt us throughout the year. Joesph became our official cake maker. Boy, does he ever do a great chocolate cake! He made one for each of the ladies in the class this year. On our last day of class we each received a rose compliments of Driftwood Cove Flowers and Gifts. A very nice end to our year.

On the whole I think the students really got a lot accomplished this year. We were all on the computer and many have their own at home so their writing looked very professional. They didn't like the camera showing up but then again we had some bad luck and had to retake a lot of pictures. Some of the class were also very involved in our fundraising and putting the yearbook together. To them my heart felt gratitude. It made the load a lot lighter.



We had a few rough moments while we waited for funding. We got none until Christmas so used up everything we had been saving. The money finally started at Christmas time. Our committee remains the same in composition and enthusiasm. Bob Hall, Janice Legere, Emma Cormier, and Val Goodwin have all continued to do their best for us. Our gratitude to them and our other friends and sponsors. What a difference their support makes! Without this support we and the programme would suffer.

## **Anger Management**

Antonija Glavas

We spent a very pleasant Friday morning hearing and talking about anger in our lives. The lady who talked about it had a very easy way of explaining something and discussing it with us. Everyone of us had to count off on our fingers while she was telling about some situations which might make us angry. I needed, in some situations, all my fingers and also the toes on my feet (joke). It was really interesting to hear what reactions inside and outside these situations caused.

I found myself smiling when she was saying not to be afraid. I think sometimes, "It is not fear of what happens in my country, it is not fear of being so far away from the family. It is not fear to have an ocean between my sister and me." But I can handle it. I try to be empowered with positive energy. If I can save some money from my very small salary to send a package to a young girl in Croatia whose parents were killed in the house as she and her sister watched that makes me happy. Or when I go to Frenchy's and buy something nice to send her, that makes a good feeling in my heart.

I also was surprised by my younger classmates thoughts of life. They were talking about the great things in life like: drugs, alcohol, and "freedom". I was surprised when I saw Travis was carrying another young boy. Was it a joke or playing? But then I saw he could not walk. When I asked what had happened to him, he explained about a drunk truck driver who made this happen and who had left him near the hospital. The young man had many operations and his chances of walking again are not that big. I also wanted to ask them if they would like to see their children using drugs. Or having health problems or abnormalities because of their parents using drugs. For sure not.

## REACH FOR THE GOLD RING

### **ANGER MANAGEMENT WORKSHOP**

Adam Kenny

I think the lady that come here to tell us about anger management was boring. She never really taught it. It could be just me finding her boring because I do not have an anger problem. She was forgetful too. She was supposed to teach team work as well. What she talked about was not interesting. She did not even teach it. She just talked about it and told us how to deal with anger. I don't think it helped people very much because it was only one day. I thought that day was a waste of time. We could have found something better to do...even work would have been better.



TD CANADA TRUST Amherst wishes you all the best



## **OUR TRIP TO FRENCHY'S**

By Alias

We all met at Reg's store. We signed a birthday card for Jason's big day the thoughtfulness of Antonija. We headed off to Frenchy's. We all got there in one piece.

We went in and everyone was off. I went over to the men's section.



We were supposed to find an outfit for work. As I'm disabled I got myself a nice pair of black Gap jeans and a purple Levi shirt. I paid almost six dollars. Adam was looking at some dress pants with a white pin striped shirt. Along came his little machine who had found a beautiful little black number that will make Adam go wild. I went over to see how Christine was doing. I think she scored all the sweaters her hamper could handle. Ruth scored a cream colored sweater and picked a few things for the grandchildren. I went over to the kinky ladies' underwear bin and picked out a sexy number for Brigitte and her



Adolph. She blushed and moved away. Then she and Antonija went over to the fitting rooms to try on their treasures. Brigitte put on a nice cream colored sweater and pants to match but she didn't keep it. Antonija went in and came out with a stunning pink bridesmaid's dress and a mink coat on her shoulder. She looked hotter than a two dollar pistol, and will make a handsome bride. She thought she looked like Mimi on Drew Carey. The picture queen was on the scene AKA Christine. Everyone was having a good time, with lots of laughter. We headed off to Tim Horton's for coffee and treats. We all had a good chat and headed home.

**Our Trip to Frenchy's**  
**Adam Kenny**

Last Thursday our class took a trip to Frenchy's in Shediac. We went there to pick clothes out that we thought would be good for a job interview. It was a nice trip. We were there for about a hour and a half. On the way home we stopped at Tim Horton's for a coffee and donut/ talked for a little while/ and went home.



**What I thought about Frenchy's**  
**Julie Goodwin**

Well it really sucked because there were no good clothes there. It was really boring. There was one thing I liked about the trip to Frenchy's and that was on the way home. We went to Tim Horton's.

**RUTH ALLEN**



My name is Ruth Anne. I came back to the C.A.S.P. program. I want to try for the second time to try and get my G .E.D. I went to work for a while and realized that I should go back and pursue my goal of furthering my education. So here I am back in the class room. I have always liked the teacher Christine. She is a very helpful person, who is quite knowledgeable. She never says no I don't have time to help you. If I'm stuck with a problem in math for example she has the ability to be able to see what the problem is. I really like that and need this type of help.

Where would I go around Port Elgin to find this type of help. C.A.S.P. is the best program. I believe this is the best answer that I can think of. I recommend it to anyone who is also looking for a good education. I'm so glad that this type of help is here daily. The program is a lot of help to the other students, as well. I think it would be a great loss to us, people who want to come to the program, if it weren't here. It has put a lot of assurance into my life just knowing that the opportunity is there to try the upgrading course.

I am glad to be back in class and once again and am getting caught up. Once again I'm trying to see if I might get the chance to try for my G.E.D. This is my goal for this year. I like my teacher and I appreciate all the help that she gives me towards achieving my goal. I'm a gal who is in her fifty's. I am a mother, and also a grandmother, so if I can get through it all, anyone can do it.



**JOEY FAGAN**



My name is Joey Fagan. My hobbies are playing sports, driving four wheelers, dirt bikes, and now cars. I enjoy fishing and spending time with my dog.

When I was fourteen I got myself into some trouble and got put on probation. I was told I couldn't hang out with anyone with a criminal record. Well all of my friends had criminal records. I started not to give a damn about anything, specially school. I got kicked out in grade seven and never went back until grade nine. When I did I was so lost and confused that I gave up and quit.

Now I joined the GED programme so I can get my high school diploma. Then I plan on going to community college so I can work on being a manager at the strip club.

BEST WISHES FROM W E ACRES CRABMEAL CAP PELE

**ANTONJIA**  
**GLAVAS**



Hi! Me again, Antonija from Bosnia. This is my second year in Canada and I am for the second time in the Village Office of Port Elgin trying to learn English a little bit better. I have so much to tell you about all the nice places where I've lived and a lot about the people I met along the way. I also want to write stories about people I found here. So you never know when and which one of my stories you might be landing in. I am watching you.

## COLES GROCERY AND COLES HARDWARE

### **JASON GOODWIN**

My name is Jason Goodwin. I am eighteen years old. I have brown hair and brown eyes. My height is 5'4 and I weigh roughly 140.

This year I plan to work for the summer. I am looking at Duguay boat building. They need 70 workers so I have a good chance. I am also waiting for Westmoreland Fisheries to call but I have to wait until someone else quits.



I plan to come back to school on September 16. That will be my last year of school and I will take the test and hopefully pass. If I pass then I will train for carpentry.

## KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR GOAL

### **JULIE GOODWIN**

Hi, my name is Julie Goodwin. I was born on October 11, 1986 at the Sackville Hospital. I was born at 4 or 5 in the morning. I was 7 pounds 9 ounces and 21 inches long. I had greenish blue eyes. I really don't remember much until I was five. Well I will start talking about my life. When I was five I had a brother named Anthony and a sister named Tracy. My father's name was Owen William Goodwin and my mother's name is Rosemary Elaine Goodwin. When I was five I didn't like them too much because I used to be bad and they would punish me. When I was younger I used to beat up my brother just for something to do. My dad used to call him a wimp because a girl could kick his bum. I was my daddy's little girl. He used to call me "munchkin."



I got older and started to go to school. I liked it for a couple of years and then I started to hate it because everybody used to tease me because I had big teeth. I used to cry all the time. As I got older I got an attitude. When they started in on me I told them all where to go so I did have many friends. When I was 14 I missed a lot of school because my father passed away. I couldn't handle it. It still bothers me but I guess I have to move on with my life.

## BEST WISHES FROM A FRIEND

About a month after my father's death I got a boyfriend named A.K. within two weeks. He was the first guy I made love to. We went out off and on for over a year. We had problems but we always came back. We've stayed together. We love each other. We've promised each other we will be together forever and never spend a day apart. We plan to get married and have kids. This time it has changed. He is the love of my life. I don't think I can live without him because he is my life, my heart, and soul.

Now I will start talking about me. Since my father's death I've started hanging out with the wrong people. I got into trouble with the cops a couple of times because I was really bad and did really bad things that I do regret. I don't hang around with them anymore. I stay home and try to be good. My feelings get hurt easily and I can't take jokes. Because I take them seriously. I have a big heart and a lot of love inside. I treat people the way I want to be treated. A lot of people never get to know the real me. They hate me for no reason. If they did know they would like me because I am a really nice person. I don't like to hurt another people's feelings.

My life is OK. All I am doing in life now is going to GED classes, staying in love, and having fun before I grow old.

AND THAT IS KIND OF MY WHOLE LIFE.



**PORT ELGIN ROTARY CLUB  
SERVICE ABOVE SELF**



**ADAM KENNY**



Hi my name is Adam Kenny. I was born at 7:47 pm on a Wednesday in the Sackville Memorial Hospital. It was October 17, 1982. I weighed 9 pounds and 11 ounces. I do not remember the first five years of my life except for when I was three I almost died when I was being rushed to the hospital because I had epiglauditis. My parents split when I was four. My mom got custody of me and my siblings, my older sister Arlene and my younger brother Alan. My parents name's are Frank and Kathy. I only got to see my dad every second weekend. My mom's boyfriend did not like my dad and because we were not his kids he did not like us. When I was eight my mom had his kid, my step-brother Stephen.

My life was hard living with my mom and her boyfriend. I started going down to my dad's for a week at a time because once I was twelve I had the choice to move in with my dad or with my mom. I chose to go visit my dad one week then my mom the next. I liked it at my dad's better but I loved my mom and wanted to see her too.

I told my mom I was moving out for certain reasons. I did, then my brother did too. I told my mom if her boyfriend was not there we would come and visit her more often. I moved in with my dad when I was fifteen. I went to school all my life. I failed two courses in grade nine and that was the beginning of my problems with Tantrammar High School. I finally left.

## BEST WISHES FROM JONES FUNERAL HOME

I had girlfriends but there is this one girl whom I fell in love with. Her name is Julie Goodwin. I met her when I was 18. We hit it off the first time we saw each other. The same night we had a first kiss. I made a lot of mistakes in our relationship. We had trouble and broke up.

We got back together every time we broke up because we loved each other very much. We have, been back together for almost three weeks and have been getting along great. This time I want it to work with her because she is sweet, nice, and caring. She has a great personality as well as being an intelligent, beautiful young woman. She has hazel eyes in a beautiful face. She is everything I have ever wanted in a woman. Julie and I are going to grow up, get married and live together for ever because she is the love of my life and will always be mine. She is my life, heart and soul. She is my soul mate.

I am 19 now and living in Baie Verte with my loving girlfriend. We are both studying for the G.E.D. exams. In my spare time I like playing hockey and basketball, plus spending time with my love because she makes me happy, warm, and cozy inside, and feel right loved. Well that's my life up to the time I am writing this.



## THE DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN AT A CASP

### **BRIGITTE LIETZ**



" Hi", I am back at school.

My name is Brigitte. Last July was my ten year Immigration anniversary. After the whole summer of working in the factory and garden, and my trip to Germany, I came back to school again. Christine told me, my English is a lot better than the year before. I will give myself a last try this winter in the Port Elgin upgrading classes. I know I'm not perfect with reading and writing at this time, but it is enough for others to understand and talk with me.



best of luck from a friend

**PETER REID**



My name is Peter William Reid. I am 17 years old. I was born in Moncton. I lived in Amherst for about 7 years and in Halifax for 2 years and I lived in Moncton for one year and I lived in Amherst Head for 3 years and in Tidnish for about 3 years and I lived in P.E.I. for a year. I went to warren Elementary and E.B. Chandler, ARHS, TRHS, now GED.

My goal is to get my grade 12. My hobbies are playing on the computer, N64, skateboarding, snow- boarding, driving.

My plan is to get my class 1 license, so I can drive a transport truck.

CARLINE MUFFLER AMHERST

**CHERRADA RENNICK**

Hi, my name is Cherrada Rennick. I have blonde hair and blue eyes. I am 5'11 and love to swim and play basketball.

I live in Bayfield with my new mom, dad, sister, and three dogs. We have two pitbulls and one chow. Their names are: Red Dog, Felony, and Tai.

I've been to a whole lot of places with my mother and father. We go to flea markets. I meet a lot of people and have had a lot of fun.

I would love to graduate and make my mom and I rich by opening my own hair and make up store. My mom and I would go on a vacation....just me and my mom. We would go to Disney World and on all the rides. I would own the malls. That's my whole life.

**JAMES SMITH**



My name is James Smith. I will be 19 on Friday April, 12. I play the electric guitar and basketball. I like to hang out with my friends and party.

I'm not really sure of what I will be doing in the next five years. My plans for this summer are to get a job and get some money put away for myself. I'd like to try and get my license this summer if I can save \$500 for the course.

I like carpentry. I took two shop classes when I was attending school. This summer I'm going to be very busy. I have to paint a very big house and have a job.

## **The Path Game**

Of all the writing exercises we gave our students this past year, perhaps this one produced the most interesting results! It's called The Path Game, and students were told to write a short paragraph for each of the following seven items: (Afterwards, the responses were interpreted using the key that is printed below.)

1. You're going along a path- describe the kind of path it is.
2. You find a twig. What sort is it? What do you do with it?
3. A fallen tree trunk is blocking your path. What do you do?
4. You come to a fork in the path. What do you do?
5. You see a bear in the path. What do you do?
6. You come to a wall. Describe it.
7. You hear a sound beyond the wall- what is it?

The seven paragraphs can be interpreted using the following key:

1. The path that the students were asked to describe is meant to represent their view of life.
2. The twig that the student finds represents how one approaches small problems.
3. How they handle the tree trunk blocking their path reveals how they approach life's big problems.
4. How one reacts to the bear is supposed to represent one's attitude towards members of the opposite sex.
5. What one does when coming upon the fork in the path is meant to represent how one views politics.
6. The description of the wall is supposed to reveal how one views death.
7. The sound behind the wall reveals something of one's belief about the "after life".

## **THE PATH GAME**

### Alias

As I was walking down the path on this beautiful autumn day, I noticed the colours of the trees. Then on the path I found a twig that fell off a pine tree that was dying. Further down the path I came along a tree trunk in the middle of the path, so my dogs and I went around this very old tree trunk.

We came to a fork in the path. We went right toward the lake. We saw a bear in the path. The dogs put the chase to him – too bad because I wanted to shoot him for April. She and Ray like the meat.

Then we came to a stone wall. A farmer made it to stop everyone from going fishing at the lake on his land. Then the dogs started to bark as someone was shouting. I went to see. It was the farmer. He had pulled his back out from lifting the rocks. So I went to help him back home. He said the wall was a bad plan and asked if I would help him remove it. I took his tractor and rammed it down.

## BEST WISHES FROM A FRIEND

### **THE PATH** Julie Goodwin

One day I was sitting at home. I was really bored so I decided to go for a walk. I got up, put my coat and boots on, walked out the door. I thought I would take a walk through the woods. I saw a path and got curious so I started along the path. It had nice green grass and a lot of flowers. I kept on walking and saw twig shaped like a hand. It freaked me out. I kicked it away from me.

As I was walking I saw ahead of me a fallen tree trunk. I had an idea. I looked in my pocket. I had a whole bunch of nails in a bag. I found a rock and a lot of strong branches. I made a ladder to climb over the trunk. When I got over to the other side I kept on following the path until I came to a fork. I took the right path because it looked nicer than the other one which looked scary. I started walking down the nice path.

I was walking when a big brown bear walked in front of me and sat down. It started staring at me and smelling me. Then he licked me on the face. I laughed because I thought bears were scary but this bear wasn't. He was the friendliest bear I'd ever seen. We became friends and started walk down the path. We came to a wooden wall and heard an noise so I climbed on to the bear's back and looked over the wall trying to see what the noise was.

It was my mom looking for me.

## **The Path Game**

Adam Kenny

One day I woke up and decided to go for a walk. I walked down the road and found a path I never walked before. So I started walking down the path. The path had little rough edged rocks. As I got farther down the path it became wet and muddy. It was a well traveled path.

All of a sudden I heard a twig snap underneath my feet. The twig was a long light gray one which forked ( like two arms extending off of it.) I had broken the right arm off of the twig. So I kicked it out of my way and continued walking. Well ahead of me was a fallen maple tree. I was not tired and wanted to keep walking but it was too big to climb over and I could not walk around it. There was this big rock about two feet from the tree. I looked around and found an old three by eight piece of wood from a old deer blind. I picked it up and set it on the rock so it was like a teeter tatter. I found another big rock so I picked it up and went and stood on one side of the three by eight and threw the rock on the other end of the board. I was launched in the air and went flying. BANG! I landed in a mud puddle. I got up and saw a fork in the path. Just like the twig the right side of the fork was broken up. It had a gap missing out of it at the beginning. The left side of the fork was smooth. It was a well traveled path. I took the right side of the fork. I had to run and jump over the gap in the path. It was all over grown with grass. The grass was up to my neck.

## DOWN EAST PLASTICS CAP PELE

I heard something rustling around in the grass but could not see because the grass was too high. Then I heard a big deep growl and in front of me was a big brown bear. It roared and growled at me while it was standing on it's back paws. It was trying to scare me but I stood my ground and growled back and roared back and stood my ground. After that the bear just turned and walked away. It realized I was not scared so he left. Then I walked for about a half an hour and came to a wooden wall. I had a couple of boxes of fire crackers in my pocket. I pulled them out and lined them up against the wall. Then I took out some batteries I had for my discman that I left in my pocket. I had some lighter fluid in my pocket, so I dumped all of it out around the fire crackers and took out my lighter to light it. Then I heard a noise from beyond the wall. I ignored the noise. I lit my lighter and bent down to light the fuse that was holding the fire crackers together and the flame went. I tried to light it again but it would not light. I had no lighter fluid so I had to find some leaves and gather them together and found a stick. I tried to start a fire but that did not work. I found a old blade off of a hatchet. I used a flint and the steel to make a spark. It sparked after ten strikes and it caught on to the fuse and the wall fell when it got blown up. To my surprise the noise that I heard behind the wall was my alarm going off to get up for school.



## FOLLOW THROUGH ON YOUR DREAMS

### **The Path Game**

Peter Reid

The path is long and weighed. The ground is stone and grass. It is surrounded by trees. It is in the back 40 goes across Canada.

I was walking along the path and I saw a twig. So I picked it up and looked at it. It was about two feet long and one and a half-half inches around. The twig is a maple tree: So I used it for a walking stick. I walked for about a hour. Right in front of me was a tree trunk. It was as big as a truck. So I climbed over it. As I got to the top I slipped and fell on my head. The fall knocked me out for ten minutes.

Then I came to a fork in the path. To the right is grass and to the left is dirt. So I took the path to the right.

Then I saw a bear. It was a 600 lb grizzly bear. The bear started to run at me so I swung at the bear with the twig. I hit the bear in the head. Then I ran and there was a wall in my way. I heard a calf. So I climbed over the wall. When I got to the top I saw marijuana. There were two men getting stoned and I got stoned, too.

## **The Path Game**

James Smith

I'm going along a path through a big field of Marijuana plants. I look all around and all I see are big six to eight foot tall plants. I end up finding a piece of stock from one of the plants, it's about half a foot and green. I end up chewing on it and it taste great. When I'm done chewing on the piece of stock I throw it away.

I walk down the path a little farther and I find a huge Marijuana plant that had fallen on the path. It's in my way and I can't walk around it because I don't want to be walking through the plants. So I start to fill my pockets. I have six pockets on my pants. Where I just picked I can now jump over the big piece of stock.

I walk a little farther and I come to a fork in the road. I stop and stare both ways wondering if I'm going to walk to the field owners house. If that were to happen I could end up in some serious shit. If I don't I'd be a very happy person. Pockets full of bud. Mmm. I decide to go right for some strange reason and see a big bear. I stand there scared. I pull a big piece of bud out of my pocket and give it to the bear. He growls and walks away. I'm left wondering if he said thanks or what.

I continue my travel and come up to a barbwire fence. I know I won't be climbing it because there's razor wire at the top. I dig a little bit with my hands and am able to crawl under the fence.

After I get on the other side of the fence I hear gun shots. I panic and run as quick as I can. Finally I make it home.

## **MY SISTER**

### Alias

She's a five star lady. She lives in Florida. Eighteen years ago she adopted a Mexican crack baby. She named him Mark. He grew up in a cool family with three brothers.

Well, last week was his eighteenth birthday. My sister is a very cool lady. She had a party for him. She had his real mother and her three year old daughter to the bash.

His real mom was only twelve years old when she had Mark and was a crack head, so my sister scored him. For his first few years she had to take him to the hospital as he was a crack head.

Now at eighteen he's a fine young dude going into the navy for his schooling. They had a great day and now he plans on visiting his real mom and little sister on her birthday. I thought it was so cool when my sister told me the story.



## BEST WISHES FROM JONES FUNERAL HOME

### **Finish the story**

#### **Alias**

I saw this beautiful wild stallion running free with his mane shining as the sunlight glistened off its long golden red hair. So I went out in the pasture with an apple in hand. I tried to get him to come over to me as he was a very handsome horse. After a while he came closer to me as I was teasing him with hay. Finally he came and took the hay from my hand.

He went for a run. He was a very nice stallion. He did a run around the pasture and came up again. I gave him half the apple, and petted his head as I gave him the rest of the apple. He enjoyed the attention as I petted him.

I went to the barn and got a bridle and saddle. At the sight of another apple he headed over. I gave him a piece of the apple as I put on his bridle and tied it to the fence. I got the saddle on him. I started to walk him around and after awhile I got on him. I was having a lot of fun.

April and Ray came over. April got on and started to go. She jumped the fence and went off into the sunset.



**Finish the story**

Alias

I was soaked to the skin and standing in water which swirled icily around my upper legs from the jump off the cliff after Jason said there was a bear chasing us. Poor Cherrada landed on her head. Jason and I pulled her up out of the mud, poor girl, I thought as we pulled seaweed off her. Jason slapped her to get her out of her daze. By this time we were getting pretty cold.

As Jay looked the bear was coming down the cliff towards the water. We started to panic, so I pulled out my gun and shot him a few times in the head. He flopped down to the water. Jay and I cut him up into pieces and loaded it up and headed off to April's hunting camp.

We got there, gave April the meat, and sat by the wood stove to get warm, as Ray got in from the beer store.

## **BOOK REPORT**

Ruth Allen

Once upon a time there was a family of rich people. There were two daughters. Their mother died of cancer at the early age of 40. That left two girls and their father on their own. Now you have heard of the story of a wicked stepmother, well this is what happened to the family. She was very rich before she became part of the family. They always had servants. One of the daughters who we'll call Gisele, was more spoiled than the other girl Rachel. The reason was because she was in a car accident which left her lame for a long time. This meant, she was pampered a lot and of course waited on most of the time, which she just loved. The wicked stepmother was not at all happy at having to put with that kind of situation for very long. Gisele was a nasty ungrateful and a trouble-making young girl, who detested the step mother to begin with and was very jealous of the attention her father gave to his new wife. Gisele tried very hard to work on Rachel, her sister, to turn against the stepmother also.

Now when the two girls heard that the stepmother was wanting their father to send them to a boarding school in the fall, they were not very happy all. Gisele's being in a wheelchair would mean that Rachel would be the one who would have to push her around at the boarding school as she had at home. No one knew Gisele's secret at this time.

Rachel didn't mind going to boarding school because it would give her a break from this stepmother, so she was looking forward to it. But she didn't like that the boarding school was far away from her home and her father, and all because of the stepmother's attitude towards them.

When the day arrived to go to boarding school Gisele really detested going and acted real nasty. upon their arrival they were given their rooms. Gisele and Rachel were given the same room at first. Gisele soon had to find out the hard way that she wasn't about to get her way, like at home. She sure didn't like the rules nor the dorm mother. She was certainly not a happy camper. Rachel liked it there and made some nice friends and tried to make the most of it.

## BEST WISHES FROM JAN LEGERE

Gisele was always grumbling about everything and if things didn't go her way she would get upset and call her father, to see if he would let her come home. But the wicked stepmother wouldn't let him give in. Gisele became very jealous of Rachel and how she had such good friends.

Rachel also enjoyed the art course that she was taking as the teacher had taken a liking to her and really liked her art talents. So Gisele said herself, "I will get even with her." She decided to become friends with a couple of the other girls who also were trouble makers. Together they planned to trick Rachel in whichever way they could. They met a boy one day who was the groundskeeper at the boarding school. He took a liking to them for all the wrong reasons. One day Rachel went for a walk on the grounds and down towards the sheds and heard a noise. Stopped and listened and was astonished when she heard Gisele's voice. She then walked over and opened the door. To her surprise Gisele was standing there half nude in the arms of the young lad. Needless to say Rachel couldn't believe that Gisele was able to stand on her own. Rachel went the office and told them. They called the girl's father and told him Gisele must go home, because of her actions. The secret was out; Gisele could stand on her own, but required therapy because she hadn't walked in a long time nor stood on her own. Rachel couldn't wait to get home and see her boyfriend.

The two girls went home for the Christmas season. Gisele was staying home and Rachel was to go back to boarding school. Rachel had to sneak away to see her boyfriend, as the family detested her having a relationship with him, especially the stepmother as she didn't think he was good enough or rich enough.

In the New Year Rachel was back in school again. Gisele was also made to go back as well and to behave. Rachel was becoming a very good artist and was well liked by her teacher. All of a sudden Rachel started becoming sick in the mornings. The bad news was she was pregnant. She tried very hard to hide her sickness from the school until one of the authorities caught her sick in a restroom. She sent her to a nurse and after checking Rachel over they called parents to send her home.

## PORT ELGIN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Rachel had had the opportunity to sell some of her art work. So she took her money and went to the town where they lived and near where her boyfriend lived. Her wicked old stepmother did not want her home in this condition, as it would demean the family.

After the baby was born, Rachel and her boyfriend got married. Meantime Rachel's father had passed away, so she no reason to want to be home. Gisele stayed at home with the stepmother. She enjoyed the freedom of being able to go out whenever she wanted. She kept in touch with Rachel and the lived happily ever after.

## **CHRISTMAS IS FOR KIDS**

I have said it myself but when it comes closer to that special holiday I find myself looking forward to it. Just like a kid I am getting anxious to see what I'll get for gifts from my husband, daughter, and friends. I also look forward to seeing some of my family at Christmas time. The rest of my family is miles away. These are some of the joys that an adult can look forward to. There can be the joy of watching the children opening their gifts. For myself it is the laughter, caring, sharing, and Christmas dinner. The houses are all aglow with trees...the lights, the beautiful Christmas trees, and all the decorations inside and out. It's when friends call on each other. I enjoy that part because when there aren't holidays everyone is too busy to make visits. What a lovely time of the year. But we must never forget the real reason for Christmas which is the BIRTH OF OUR LORD.



## **A Christmas Movie**

On Saturday evening I watched a movie on t.v. called In LOVE AND WAR. During the story a young girl who was German, met an English soldier who was captured and taken to a prison camp. When the opportunity presented itself the prisoners escaped and they were taken into the homes of Jewish Italian Germans. In a form they were in hiding. This is where the young people met.

During these times of trying to keep hidden, the families helped keep them safe which involved finding new places for them each day. When the Germans came to the door they threatened the people hiding the prisoners with arrest. So the young lad that stayed with one of the families had to stay around the neighborhood so none of the owners of these homes would be arrested. But wherever he went their daughter would follow.

In the last part of the movie, which by the way is based on a true story, the couple found each other again after many long years and got married. According to this story they are living together and have been married for 65 years...I love a true story.

## **A VALENTINE'S DAY FANTASY**

Ruth Allen

Valentine's day is a time for lovers to express to each other how much they truly care for each other. We are going to FLORIDA. We will be arriving there this afternoon. I am looking forward being in those nice warm temperatures. I love the thought of lying on the beach sipping on some tequila sunrises. It will be a great change to spend some quiet together, without phones ringing and all the demands of life. I am anxious to what Disney world looks like. Now we arrive at our hotel suite. OH! What a beautiful site... the bedding has red and white silk covers. There is a table with a red table cloth and white napkins. There on the table is a bouquet of red and white roses, and a box of LAURA SECORD chocolates. It has a pretty set of white candles in crystal holders. What a lovely VALENTINES day this is !



## PORT ELGIN HOME AND SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

### **MARCH BREAK**

Ruth Allen

During my holidays, I went to Fredericton to visit my friend. We did a lot of shopping around the city and we went to Tim Hortons in the afternoons for some good old Cappuccino! We enjoyed the time together. On the way home I stopped at a service station to refuel. I decided to go back on the new highway to get home. Talk about going backwards! Well I did just that! I went onto the highway after driving along for a while and all of a sudden I saw a sign that said JEMSEG.

I thought to myself no way but I couldn't justify the sign but I thought I should not be seeing that sign! So I drove along realizing that I had no chance to make a turn on any off ramps. Meantime I asked myself how in the world I ever made that mistake.

All of a sudden there was the sign saying FREDERICTON! So I had to go over the bridge again wondering if there was a reason why this was happening. Should I go all the way back, or continue toward home again. Well this shouldn't have happened to me.

I have never felt so foolish. Any way I headed back toward Moncton. I know now that I just didn't look at the signs to see where I was going! Oh well it was funny afterwards. I got home and the rest of my day was fine.

That's my story and I am sticking to it.

**Teddy**  
Ruth Allen

Teddy is our little dog. The reason I called him that was because he was so cute and cuddly. That is how he got his name. He loves to travel in a vehicle. We taught him to look at the cows, that was two years ago. He now knows to look for himself and believe it or not he remembers where the farms are that have cows in the fields. When it's bedtime he sits and waits for me to see if it's time to go to bed. There are times when he hears the clock radio come on and barks at me to get up. When he wants to go outside he comes to us and barks if you ask if he wants to go outside he barks harder. When I talk on the phone he often sits and watches me for awhile and like a little child would do he decides to want my attention and wants to go outside. I'm not sure but I figure it is an attention getter.

He is quite an interesting pet. At night when I go to let the cats out for the night he comes running to the kitchen and waits to see if the cats are going to out unforced. If I have to force them then the dog chases them with a growl to scare them out. Also he goes out in our fishing boat. Usually everyday during fishing season which is most of the summer and he is some glad to get back on shore at the end of the day. That's my dog Teddy Bear.

## PORT ELGIN REGIONAL SCHOOL

### **PAINT** Ruth Allen

My journal today is very funny and sadly true. Yesterday afternoon I decided that I was going to paint the tops of my chairs, which I have been wanting to do for sometime and never got at it. So the paint I was using was a spray paint and the can was brand new. I had one heck of a time trying to loosen the lid. Here I was trying every tool I could find that would fit under the lid to make it make it come off.

Just as I thought I almost had it off the object I was using slipped and punctured the can. There I had paint spraying all over my kitchen cupboards and floor. I dared to move with it. I opened the door and held it in the porch and got it sprayed all around in there. Finally it had released most of the pressure and stopped enough to take it to the back room for Norman to deal with in case there was any paint left in it to rescue.

Well, now I had all the clean up to do. I scrubbed and scrubbed trying to get the paint off everything. When Norman came home and saw the porch he said, "What the hell happened here?" Then came the "OK, I told you to wait for me to give you a hand with that."

He was lucky I couldn't find the other can I had bought!  
That's my story and I'm sticking to it.  
(By the way...I've been wanting a new ceiling and kitchen floor.)

## BEST WISHES FROM A FRIEND

### **Book Report**

Ruth Allen

My interest was in the story that was written by Monica Hughes is because I am always interested a story about someone else that likes to go hunting deer for. The young boy that went hunting and camping, was a very interesting boy. He knew what to do was camping, how to make a good and safe fire, he could cook for himself, plus he knew enough to put his fire out.

### **LEGALIZE POT**

Joey Fagan

I think that pot should be legalized, because a lot of people enjoy smoking it. A lot of people like doctors, teachers and so on all smoke pot. If people can legally sell alcohol that makes people crazy and want to fight, then why can't they sell pot that makes people want to have a good time and mellow out.

I think that pot is going to be legalized in the near future, because they always talk about it on T.V. and David Suzuki said so.

## **THE NOISE**

Mary Ellis

The house was small and usually quiet. It had been standing for at least 150 years. The house was now being lived in by a 21 year old girl. Every night the young lady would come home from work eat supper, take a shower and go to bed falling fast asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

One night the young girl, Sue, came home and as usual she followed her routine, but just as she was about to jump into bed it started to storm and the lights went out. She was so afraid she didn't know what to do. All of a sudden chills went up her spine and she froze unable to move. She built up her courage and walked to the window to check out the storm. All of a sudden it started to thunder and lightning sending shots of light through the sky and loud rumbling through the room. Sue felt something furry and wet on her leg and heard the most awful wailing sound with the fright of the storm she became even more scared and ran screaming from the room.

After about 5 minutes Sue got herself together and decided to check it out and see where and what the thing that touched her leg was. She went from room to room and nothing APPEARED. She decided she would check the attic and basement, but still nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary. How odd she thought maybe it had been her imagination playing tricks on her. She sat in her bed for awhile before falling asleep wondering where the furry wet thing had come from.

The next day was bright and sunny so Sue, the girl who lived in the house, decided to take advantage of her day off and go for a walk. After having stopped in every store she passed she finally decided since it was getting late and it was starting to get dark and the rain had started to fall lightly she would head back home.

Once at home she fell into her normal routine of cooking supper for herself, taking a shower and then getting ready for bed. Tonight before she got into bed she looked outside and noticed that it had started to rain even harder then it had before she got home.

Once under the covers she slipped into a deep sleep for what felt like minutes. Later she was waken by the awful noise again. This time she did not get a scared as she was the previous night. This time she got up and was determined to find out the source of the noise. But before she could get to the door of her room she froze with fright. The furry wet thing that had brushed up against her leg the night before was back. It seemed this time the furry little thing was not leaving.

## BEST WISHES FROM A FRIEND

Not knowing what it was frightened her and made her scream even louder and longer and harder than the night before.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH." Not caring anymore what the noise was Sue left the house and started running down the street as fast as she could not stopping until she stumbled upon a hotel.

Upon entering the motel Sue received very weird looks from the people inside. She didn't understand why? Until she remember she was still in her nightgown. She walked over to the clerk and asked him for a room. She told him that she didn't know how long she would be staying for. The man agreed and gave her the key to her room. Once Sue got into the room she immediately collapsed onto the bed falling fast asleep.

When she woke up in the morning Sue was surprised and confused as to how she had gotten to the hotel. Heading home in her nightgown Sue realized she had to get home fast in order to make it to work on time.

All day Sue could not get her mind off what had happened the last two nights. She thought and thought, but still she couldn't find the answers to her questions. Totally convinced that she could not talk to anybody about this she decided she'd find the answers by herself.

After a long day at work Sue headed home to get some clothes. She entered the house very carefully not knowing what she would find. Creek went the floor boards as she made her way to her room. Once in her room she collected the clothes she would need for the next few days and left the house quickly.

Later that night it started to rain really hard. Sue wasn't worried or afraid for she had a sense of security in this hotel room, So she laid down on the bed and fell fast asleep. Waiting moments Sue was awoken by a large bang. Immediately she thought, "Oh no, it's followed me here."

After a long 2 years of endless sleepless nights, Sue finally snapped and committed herself into a mental institution, where she continues to hear the strange noise and feel the strange furry thing around her legs every time it storms and rains really hard.

But was Sue really crazy or was there really something out there that drove her to the nut house?



CASP'S DOORS ARE ALWAYS OPEN  
TO THOSE WHO WANT TO LEARN

## **Life As It Is Known**

Mary Ellis

The words that once used to flow with ease now have a hard time  
finding a way onto paper.  
The feelings that once raged within now seem to be tamed or dead.  
There is a feeling of despair that replaces the joy, sadness replaces  
the happiness,  
And hate replaces the love that once lived within.

The tears try to come but are pushed back, for they should not be  
seen.  
The sobs that tremble within cry to be let free, the sun is buried  
deep within.  
Buried so far so deep inside the mind, inside the soul, deep inside  
the heart.  
It used to be so simple then, one by one my world, my life, my  
heart fell down around me.

Now I have no way of getting it back not sure if I even want it.  
No one here no one there, no one to hold touch or feel.  
No one to whisper those words of love and devotion.  
No one to care and feel about me the way I care about them.

Life – Emptiness, Loneliness, Loveless  
Death – Emptiness, Loveless, Lifeless....  
For better or worse till death do us part lonely and desperate for  
something ungotten here!!!!

## **Journey**

### **Antonija Glavas**

I wrote something about my journey to Germany last night, but I lost it somewhere. Now I am trying to do it again. My trip to Germany started on the last day of February at the Moncton airport with some difficulties. When I checked in they told me that the flight to Montreal was canceled because there were not enough passengers. Thanks to my chief, they gave me another route via Toronto but ...in business class. I had to wait a little bit longer and travel two hours longer than planned but in business class!

They gave me a window seat which I found great flying over Toronto. It was a crystal-clear night and the city was just flushing in the light. I enjoyed it very much. At the airport there was just enough time to sniff the perfume bottles on the duty free shop shelves.

On the Lufthansa plane I found my seat by the window again and on my left a friendly face smiled at me. We did not need very much time to start a conversation. He was from Italy. He was selling Italian ceramics to the States and Canada. When he told me that he lived in Bologna I smiled and told him about the way I cook my Bolognese sauce. He was wondering when I told him some granny stories about the Italian population in our town and our village. He was interested in how they built nice houses with large wooden verandahs, and planted fruit trees and grapes.

I ate from those trees very tasty apricots, pears and apples. I also told him how they sang and danced. I showed him on the map we found in front of our seats where I came from, where in Germany I lived and where I am living now. Our conversation was interrupted many times by many friendly stewards, bringing us drinks, food, snacks, coffee and even warm towels to refresh ourselves.

## Sackville Co-Op Basics

I asked him about some Italian singers and about the Sanremo festival which I always loved to watch. He laugh and said: "It should be next week." I told him that I wish the Moncton International Airport would be covered with beautiful Italian ceramics. He should send his people to N.B. to sell them. At the end of our journey, at the gates of the Frankfurt airport we shook hands and I said: "Think of me when you're watching in Sanremo." "Be sure I will," he said hurrying to catch his plane to Bologna and me to Hanover.

When I came to my sister's place I called Petra to tell her that everything was fine and that I should fly more often in business class. She laughed saying: "Of course but there is a small thing to remember... the ticket is between three and ten thousand dollars. Well!!!



Amherst Zellers wishes you all the best in your endeavors

**Scared story**  
**Antonija Glavas**

This story happened in our regional hospital where I worked as an installer and house caretaker. Our hospital was the biggest in the territory of 16 communes and had thousands of patients. For some of them it was not possible to give any help.



On the right side of the entrance there was a little building where they remained until transported to the funeral home or cemetery. One morning, my chief said to me that the sink in this little building needed to be repaired. I tried to do something else, but I knew that I would have to do it. I took my bag with what I needed and crossed the yard looking at the patients who enjoyed sitting or walking and talking. Specially sympathetic was one granny walking from one group to another asking something. I smiled and said to myself: "Outside it is nice and mild, but you Angelo, have to go in and repair that sink, whatever would be."

I left entrance door half open, not that I was scared, but it was not very comfortable inside. I got down on my knees to unscrew the sink when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I think all my functions stopped... just something hammered in my head. Down on my back bone I felt shivers all the way down and my throat was dry. It was like an eternity till I turned back and saw granny from outside asking me: "Sonny, why are their heads covered?" I only breathed out and said: "Granny, the devil should take you away, you scared me!"

I finished my job in no time and went out, out, out.

(Angelo was my neighbor and this story I heard from him many years ago, but have not forgotten.)

CONGRATULATIONS FOR ALL THE GOOD WORK YOU DO.  
DOMINIC LEBLANC, M.P.

## **From Germany to Denmark, but over America** **Antonija Glavas**

In the beginning of December 1995 I bought a ticket to Copenhagen where two of my girlfriends and three of my godchildren live. I wanted to celebrate my birthday there. At that time I had been living in Germany for about two years and had not seen my godchildren for more than two years. I took the train to Hamburg and another one to Copenhagen. But at the border, where our train should have been put on the ferry, my journey ended. The border guard found out that I did not have a visa. So I would have to go back to Hamburg to the Danish consulate to get one.

I explained to the lady who was sitting with me on the train what my girlfriend looked like and asked her to give her a message about what was going on with me. She was supposed to be waiting for me at the station. I was a little bit scared but I knew that I would come again, of course with a visa.

People at the ferry were very kind and the captain, after he heard my problem said to me: "I would not let you go to Hamburg at night, the consulate is closed. You will stay on the ship and in the morning you can go to Hamburg."

He gave me a cabin, woke me up in the morning and shared his first coffee with me. Of course I called my girlfriend from the ship and laughingly explained everything and told her: "Don't worry I am coming but over America."

The ship was all night long on the journey from Denmark's to Germany's coast and back. I was on time at the embassy and after I explained what I wanted the lady who was working there said to me: "It is ok, you can have a visa next week."

## BEST WISHES ANONYMOUS

I looked and said, "I need it right now. I would like to catch the train to see my godchildren and my girlfriends very much and I have only a few days off. "She looked at me and asked if I had two photos? I said: "NO, but I can get something."

I took the pictures from my bag and found two which were bigger and told her to cut me out of them. She was fascinated or bewitched but took the scissors and holding the picture in one and the scissors in the other hand looked at me and asked once more: "Is it all right?"



I said: "O yes, I can take the rest of the photo." After ten minutes my visa was ready and I was on my way to Copenhagen but this time directly, not over America. I spent a few beautiful days there. I enjoyed my friends, their children, and the beautiful town Copenhagen. When I went home I sent a thank you letter and shoe-box of cookies to Carl karsten – the ship and specially to the captain.

## **The Boots to "California"**

### **Antonija Glavas**

The doorbell of my cousin's house rang one late autumn afternoon. I lived there with my family as refugees. One elderly lady tried to tell our cousin something but it was not easy to understand because she had some trouble speaking. Our cousin explained that she had heard about us and was looking to see if any of us could give a hand to her girlfriend also in the neighborhood.

She took my sister and me to a kindly elderly lady. Both of them had spent many nice summer vacations on our beautiful Adriatic coast and were watching every newscast about the war in our country. The granny was very sympathetic. She was about 80 years old and needed a little help with household chores. We spent a nice hour together and became her grandchildren and she our granny. She was widowed, lived alone and had no children. She stood as a friend at our side. She shook and worried about us, every time they wanted to send us back.



She was also worried about me when I left for Canada. What would happen to me? How would I endure alone? Every time my sister goes there she phones me and tells about grandmother's worries about me. A few months ago she laughed on the phone as she was telling me that granny gave her some nice white winter boots to send me. She said that granny was almost crying. She said: "Helena, you don't know how cold it is in this California. The boots are really nice and warm."

They will also warm my soul every time I wear them because I'll be thinking of granny. I thanked granny for them, when I was in Germany. She laughed when I told her: *"Granny, you are old and could not go to Canada but you sent your granddaughter your boots so the boots and I could tell you our stories."*

GOOD LUCK & CONGRATULATIONS... LAKE'S GENERAL STORE

**Diploma in Machine engineering**  
**Antonija Glavas**

He was friend of mine, just like girlfriend, and I was his buddy. He played guitar very nicely and I sang very often down by the river on many summer evenings. Of course with our other friends we had always something to celebrate.

He was a very good student but at the end of the course he did not want to finish. There was not much left but he joked saying: "I have found a hair in my book, like in my soup." He found a very good job. It was very well paid and he worked as driver for a man who ran one of the funeral homes in our town.

He had to wear a dark suit. He was pretty tall and a very good looking man. He had to be serious and that was not easy for him. He joked sometimes that he was driving a big black limousine like Lucky Luciano.

I asked him if it would bother him one day that he would drive me in this car in a coffin. He said kissing me on the top of my head: "I am not worried. The little devil in you will never die."

But after a while, he changed. I saw sometimes that he was absent, smoked more than usual and started to talk about ending his studies. I knew him like my pocket and I knew that something had happened but I couldn't reach him about it. His father asked me once about what was worrying and changing him. I couldn't tell him anything. He said smiling: "Whatever it is it must be a good inspiration for him to finish his studies."

In a very short time we all had a very good reason to celebrate. Our friend finished his studies and received his diploma as a machine engineer. The parents were very proud of him. Our whole group, about 12 of us went to the Adriatic coast to spend two weeks in the beautiful old stone house where his mother had been born. We had only to clean after ourselves and to water the plants in the garden.

He climbed up the big fig tree in the garden to pick fresh ripe figs for me. We heard the gulls and the crickets sitting in the garden or down on the beach. It was very nice and all of us enjoyed it very much.



## GOOD LUCK LANDCO CONSTRUCTION CAP PELE

One night on the beach, I asked him again to tell me about what was changing him. He reached a hand over and took me for a walk. The sand under our feet was still warm. It was pretty late but I forgot everything when he started to talk.

That morning my chief said to me: "The case is a young woman who died in our hospital, and her husband will be there to go with you and the coffin."

We had to drive to a place about two hundred kilometers to where he was from. So I picked them up and after the paper work was finished, we took the highway and talked about weather and driving conditions. The man was not much older than me but he had dark shadows under his eyes, and a sorrow inside his eyes.

After a while he asked me if he could use the tape recorder. I said: "Of course, yes." I thought to myself: "He wants to hear some music and his wife is in the coffin." But there was no music, it was soft woman's voice telling how much she I loved him and how hard it is to go away from him. He shouldn't stay alone. She hoped that he would find somebody who would love him as much as she loved him.

The man was crying and covering his face with both hands when she was telling about the blue dress she loved so much and she hoped he would bring it for her to wear.

I pressed the accelerator automatically like I wanted to run from the fact that the body in the back and the voice from the tape were together until two days ago.

I opened the window, slowed down and said yes thanks when the man asked me if I wanted a cigarette. When I drove back, everything was different. The big black limousine I drove was no more like Lucky Luchiano's and in my head was a new very strong idea – to quit the well paying job and finish my studies.

I just pressed his hand, turned back and saw our foot prints behind us and the prints of another pair of feet in the sand.

I made strong coffee for us and we looked silently into the orange glow cast by the sun as a new day was born.

## **Nightingale**

### **Antonija Glavas**

I knew him from a little picture and from Granny's stories. She loved him very much. I saw that from the flash in her eyes every time she talked about him. He spent his short life living very intensively as if he knew that his life line was not very long. He spent many nights singing, playing cards with his friends and having fun. She was a brave woman and the mother of two boys. She waited for him. After she asked him one morning: "How could you stay all night long?" He smiled and said: "You mean that's easy?" He took her next evening just to show her. The poor woman spent all night long in the bar sitting and drinking coffee.

Many years after she talked laughing about that night. She said: "The worst thing was meeting the neighbours bringing the milk into town, early in the morning. Everybody could see that I had spent the night in the bar. My face was flushed red, like a poppy flower when they asked me, "Where have you been?" That was the first and last trip. He asked her again to go with him but she thanked him saying: "Without me." She said: "He sometimes took our son with him." And people told her the little boy sang standing on the table like a nightingale. "He wore pants that I had made for him not longer than five six inches," said granny laughing and showing with her thumb and middle finger how long they were.

The first one was my grand father and the nightingale was my father. The people in my country said: "The pear does not fall under the apple tree." And of course I love to sing very much.



## BEST WISHES FROM DONNELLE BOAT BUILDING CAP PELE

### WISH Antonija Glavas

I read somewhere about wishes. "Be careful with your wishes, some of them come true." At the time I lived in Germany. I had a very strong wish to have a baby dog. My wish was so strong that I could even feel the smell of him and his tiny teeth on my hand. My wish was pretty unrealistic because I lived as a refugee without right to stay. I was three times a week with Asta, a beautiful German shepherd, which belonged to the lady for which I was working.

One Sunday evening my phone rang. When I answered I heard her voice telling me: "Antonija, I've got a problem." I asked: "What's the problem?" In my mind it was like a movie about what it could be. Then like from heaven: "I have a little dog." I screamed saying: "This is not a problem, this is my wish coming true."

There was a very long night ahead and in the morning I "flew" to meet my true wish. Her name was Shary and I called her Sharmy. We had a great time playing in the garden and enjoying each other.

My sister started taking care of her when I left for Canada. She is reporting everything to me about my true wish. We met also when I was in Germany and kissed each other. She recognized me, of course. She jumped and kissed me as I was her adoptive mother.



**Dolores**  
**Antonija Glavas**

Dolores was born in South Africa about fifty years ago. She grew up in a family with many brothers and sisters. I met her in Germany, when I came with my family as a refugee. We lived in the same house, she with her daughter in a sweet little attic, and us downstairs. We spent many Sunday afternoons talking, laughing and drinking tea in our garden. She told us about her home country and childhood and we talked about war and our problems.

She had helped me very much by the time I tried to come to Canada. She wrote all those letters I needed, called and corresponded with the embassy or emigration office. Her mother tongue was English and she liked to help me. Her life was not easy. She was divorced and had to find a job and home for herself and her daughter. The son stayed with his father and grandparents. She helped them also.

When her life became a little bit quieter she developed cancer. She fought very bravely with the illness. She hoped and prayed that everything would be all right.

Last May when I made my trip home to visit my sister after eight long months. I wanted us to go for a walk. It was a rainy evening and pretty late but I said: "Let's go." It was as if I had to go for a reason that I didn't know at that time. We walked, talked and enjoyed each other. I looked into the car while standing at the traffic light. It was waiting to turn on the green light.

The girl in the car looked at me in amazement as we recognized each other! She turned and stopped by the post office near by. She came out and I ran to hug her. I saw everything in her eyes. I should not ask but I asked: "Tarryn, what happened?" And before she could answer I knew. She said: "Mum passed away this evening and you are the first person to know it."

I think she gave me a sign to go out and to find and hug Tarryn. That was my dear friend and one of the beautiful pearls I found along my way, my Mrs. Schneider.

**I made a mistake, sorry**  
**Antonija Glavas**

I sent a letter to my sister after spending a very pleasant morning in school, enjoying coffee and birthday cake which Joseph had baked for me. The weather was very nice, a beautiful day for a birthday and I sang as I usually do when I drive around. At the highway I turned to Cap Pele and smiled again when the lady at the post office started to talk about the nice weather. A young man on my left side looked at me. I tried to place his face somewhere, but where had I met him? Anyway, after saying good bye I went out.

As I stepped into my car I heard somebody calling, "Hello, excuse me," behind me. I turned and saw the young man coming toward me. I looked at him and said, "Yes?" "Excuse me, were you a few days ago at our place with empty bottles?" he asked. I said, "Yes" and I knew exactly where I had seen him.

"I was hoping you would come back. I made mistake. I am sorry about it." I just smiled because I didn't know what was going on. Then I saw a five dollar bill in his hand. "I made mistake when I was counting the bottles." Now I was really surprised and told him who I was, where I was working and that the money wasn't for me, but the joy was.

I am not worried about your future, dear Canada. She is for sure in the hands of your respectable, proud sons and daughters. It is no wonder they sometimes make mistakes those young, nice heads. They have also to count kisses or hair curls. Sometimes, it is not easy for sure.



## **American disaster**

Jason Goodwin

On September 11 of this year there was a terrorist attack on the United States. There were four planes that were hijacked and crashed. Now it is time for America to strike back.

Two planes were heading toward New York. One crashed into the World Trade Center and about twenty minutes later the second plane hit the World Trade Center. Later on the tower collapsed and killed thousands.

The third plane was heading for Washington. The plane crashed into a very famous American military intelligence building, the Pentagon. Luckily it hit the side that was less used. Even so there were a number of people that died.

The fourth plane was heading toward a camp where the president goes. It called Camp David. Fortunately the plane crashed in a corn field in Pennsylvania.

Now America has to strike back for a couple reasons. The first reason being to punish those who are responsible for the attacks. The second and probably the most important reason is to set an example for other countries or terrorists teams. What I mean is if we strike back with firmness this time other countries and terrorist teams will think twice about attacking us.

These are my thoughts on what happened and what the United States should do about it.

## **Survival**

What if I found myself in a deep, dark forest? The first thing I would do is light a fire so I could see something and to keep warm. After I got the fire going I would use a whole bunch of spruce bows, poles and old logs. I would use the poles to make a frame for a shelter. Then I would put a thick layer of spruce bows on the frame to form the walls. The old logs are for the fire.

The next morning I would try to make a fishing pole, a bow and some arrows. For the fishing pole I would use a bendable stick like an alder. For the string I would use pieces of clothes and for the hook I would use a nail. For the bow and arrows I would use again a bendable alder, pieces of clothes and the straightest sticks possible.

Now it was time to catch some breakfast. The first thing I would try is the fishing pole because I don't know how good a shot I am with a bow.

Now I have the essentials, food, water, and shelter. All I have to do now is wait for the rescue.

## **OIL RIGS**

Yesterday I was talking to Corey. He said that he was going out to British Columbia to work on the oil rigs. His mother said that she would pay for his plane ticket and some money to start out with. He already has a place to stay. He would be living with someone who just went out there a couple of months ago.

He also wants me to go out there with him when he leaves but that is not such a good idea. I do want to go out there but not yet. I would like to finish school first. On the other hand if I do go out there I could ask for nothing but money for Christmas and go out there later in the year. That way I could go to school at night or on weeks off. That way I could be doing school plus have a job on the rigs that pays about a thousand every two weeks.

It would also be good to discover new people and places.

There are only two things holding me back; school, my friends and family. I couldn't see mom caring much though because I would be working independently.

Maybe someday I will be ready to go out there.



## best wishes from a friend

### **JOEY**

Yesterday at ten o'clock in the morning I heard a knock at my door. It was Joey. He wanted to know if I would help move his sister's furniture. I said yes and we were on our way.

We got there and it started pouring out. We found out that we had no tarp or rope so we went to the Shediak CoOp to get the stuff. What do you know! There was a liquor store right beside it so we got a quart of Captain Morgan.

We got back to the apartment and did a few shots of rum to boost our morale. After that we started loading the truck. We already had the couch, fridge, and deep freeze on. Then we went for the washer. We got it almost down the steps when the washer started sliding down the steps. When it hit the ground the top fell off, a big rod fell out, and wires were hanging everywhere. We unloaded, and then came back and drank the rest of what was left of the quart.

As we were doing another load Joany came home. She ordered two pizzas. So we ate that, loaded up Joey's truck and Joany's jeep and dropped that off.

After that we left.

### **Court Date**

Yesterday I went to court with my father. We got there about a half an hour before court. This gave us time to talk to a legal aid lawyer but I might as well have talked to the wall. Every time dad or I tried to talk to him he looked away. Then he got the nerve to get mad at me when I could not remember the exact date I joined school. I could literally see myself knocking him out as I said, "Listen buddy you guys screwed up my court dates twice so don't talk to me about that \* \* \* " and that is exactly what I said.

When it was time for me to take the stand the judge was telling me what the consequences might be. Then he was saying how wrong it was to give a fake name but at the same time he understood why I gave the fake name.

Finally he came to a decision. He said that he could easily give me six months but instead he gave me thirty days of house arrest and one year of probation.

### **Piling Wood**

Last night I was offered a job piling wood while Corey cut it. Corey was telling me that he found somebody that needed a whole bunch of wood cut and piled. I am not sure that I can get the job yet. It depends on how much wood there is to cut, but I think there is quite a bit for Corey and I to do. The reason for this is because the guy that we would be working for works in the woods.

Corey is going to know in a few days if he can start. So hopefully I will know by next Monday if I can start. I will be paid about four dollars for every cord of wood that I pile. So that means if I am a fast enough piler I can earn about a hundred and fifty dollars a week. Corey, on the other hand, will be making a little bit more than me. He will be making six dollars for every cord that he cuts, or two hundred and fifty a week.

I asked mom if I could take a week off school before the Christmas break so I could work, and she said yes.

**My Mother**  
**Julie Goodwin**



My mother's name is Rosemary Goodwin. She is a very nice mother. She has brownish red hair. She is skinny. She is the kind of person who is there when you need her. She is just like me. Her feelings get hurt easily.

Since my dad passed away she's never home to spend time with me and Anthony. It hurts me a lot because I need her with me. She's the only thing I have left. But one day I hope she will realize how much we love her.

Now we even have less time to spend with her because she has a boyfriend. She knows it bothers me but she really doesn't seem to care. I really wish she did. One day I wish and hope that she will realize that I need her as a mother. I need her to spend time with me.

## BEST WISHES FROM THE VILLAGE OF PORT ELGIN

### **ROSE AND LEXUS**

Julie Goodwin

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Rose. She had a little dog which she loved very much. She would take it for walks and teach it stuff, like how to shake hands, catch treats in her mouth, and most of all how to listen. It took her a while to teach the puppy. The first thing the dog learned was her name, Lexus. She was part pit bull and part bull mastiff. She was a very nice dog. The girl trained the dog to protect her and to hate cops and dangerous people. Rose and Lexus did everything together. They grew old together.

### **The Trip**

Julie Goodwin

Once upon a time there was a girl named Lina. She was going on a trip. She was planning this for a week. Today she started to walk to the place she was so curious about. It took her about a half an hour to get there. She started looking around and all of a sudden she saw a path. It looked very scary. She saw another path that was so beautiful. There were flowers everywhere. She kept on walking and loving every moment because it was so beautiful. She stopped for a second because she heard something and then all a sudden saw a baby deer and a rabbit. She was very shocked because they came right up to her. She became friends with them they followed her around everywhere she went. She fed them bread and after stuff that wouldn't hurt them. She had to go back home but the animals didn't want her to go. She told them that she would be back in a week. So she left and came back the following week.

**KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!**

## **THE SECRET PLACE**

Once upon a time there was a girl and a boy. They were in a really serious relationship. The girl had a very big heart and a lot of love inside. The guy loved her so much. They both had dreams and wishes that they both wanted to come true. The girl was 16 and the boy 19. But they had problems that year. They had been going out off and on. Because of frustration and being confused the guy made a lot of mistakes. He kept on going back to her because he loved her. She had such a big heart. She couldn't say no because she loved him so but she swore this would be the last time.

The guy told her that this time he would never leave her or break her heart because he really did love her. Now they have plans to move in together but just for now he's living with her and her mother.

They both want to be together for the rest of their lives and to get married and have kids together. The girl has problems, like a really bad temper and her feelings are easily hurt. She finds it hard to joke about herself. She had a hard time because her father passed away and she was very close to him. She's going to counselling. She was pretty much with his baby. She lost it because she couldn't handle it and became sick and weak. The young couple were engaged once but they broke up. The engagement was off too and she got really upset and mad. She pawned the ring because she didn't think it meant anything to her anymore. She felt really bad afterwards. They are going to stay in love and live happily ever after this time.

## ALLEN'S PETRO CAN & GROCERY HARDY ROAD

When she came back she brought a tent and a lot of food and blankets. She stayed there until the deer and the rabbit grew up. She loved them so much. She loved spending time with the two animals. She gave them names. The deer's name was Bill and the rabbit's Joe.

Anyway it was time for Linda to go home. She went and told Bill and Joe. Bill and Joe didn't want her to go. They made a plan. Their plan was for the animals to go see how it was living in a house. They packed up all her stuff and all walked to Linda's house. It took half an hour. When they got there they loved it. They thought it was so beautiful. But they didn't stay here because they missed their home. so they went home after they said goodbye to Lina. She told them that she would come back and visit them. They said ok. They all said their good-bye's and that they all would see each other some day.



CONGRATULATIONS AND KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK  
CAPE BALD PACKERS LTD.

## **THE ANIMAL**

**Julie Goodwin**

Once upon a time there was a guy who was training to be a policeman. One day he was driving somewhere and got into a car accident. Some strange guy got him out of the car and brought him back to his place. It was a kind of lab. He had all kinds of animals there. The only way the guy could save the police student was to use animal parts.

The next morning the student woke up in the lab. He was wondering where he was. The "doctor" explained why the student was there and what had happened to him.

The student wanted to leave. So he went and had many experiences in his new life. He didn't notice anything for a couple of days. Then he started acting like a dog. When someone threw a chicken bone in the garbage the dog instinct had him digging through the garbage. When he went to the airport with the cops he went through the place where they check to see if they have any bad stuff on them. The student who had the weird surgery could smell dope up a suspect's bum. He put gloves on and proved it. The police put the suspect in lock up. The "student" was wondering why he was acting in this way. The "doctor" told him the reason and said to eat a lot and try to fight stuff. The "student" tried to follow this advice.

The cops brought him to a place where there was a whole lot of people. He saw a kid drowning. He went and saved him. He was swimming like a seal and everybody laughed.

The "student" met a girl that had the same operation and they got together and had kids. They lived a happy life together.

## **THE CRASH**

### **Travis Goodwin**

The plane was about to land. The pilot droned on about the warm temperature and the time change. Our winter vacation on the sandy beaches of the warm Caribbean was about to start. All of the sudden the plane didn't land, it kept going. The pilot was a terrorist.

The plane went for about 2 hour before it landed. When we got out we all looked, we were on a island. It looked like a jungle around us.

I don't know what happened to the pilot, he was gone.

It was a nice island so we started walking in the jungle like woods. I looked around and there was a banana tree and a crystal-clear brook. I got one of the people that were with me to test the water, later that day he died.

After we buried the guy that died we started making a place to sleep, it was getting dark.

That next morning we woke up to the nice warm sun shining down on us. Later on that morning we went looking for food because we were getting hungry.

We walked for 2 hours. We gathered a lot of berries but that was all we found. We never saw any wild life other than birds. There did not seem to be any life on the island.

Later that night we ate all the berries. The next day we all decided we were staying on the island. It was paradise even though we all had the shits from the berries.



## FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS



### **HONDA** Travis Goodwin

Honda motors are small and powerful. Most Honda motors, like a 1.5 and 1.6 will turn up to 8000 RPM. RPM stands for revolutions per minute.

Honda also has excellent suspension. Honda cars handle well around corners and keep tight to the road. Honda's aerodynamic body and limited ground clearance help a lot to.

The head is ported and polished and shaved 10 000 of an inch which gives about 30 horse power on top of the 140 horse power.

The body is red with 2 racing strips. The car has a custom interior with a 200 watt sound system.

For wheels and tires on the car there are a full set of Crager wheels and low profile Good Year tires.

### **MY FOUR WHEELER** Travis Goodwin

When I had my old four wheeler Brittany and I went biking every day. One time we were going to Corey's from Tidnish. It was cold that day but the ice was starting to melt. On our way there we were going into all the mud holes. Jason was with us too. I could take 3 on the bike because it was 4x4. So we were going in the mud hole and we got caught up on a stump. The bike spun around a 360.



## **The New 911 System Is Messed up.**

Adam Kenny

I had a fire at my house about a year and two months ago. I had been burning some grass at the time. The wind picked up and the fire caught on to some trees and then on to the barn. I called the fire department when the fire spread to the trees because I knew it was out of my control.

Fifteen minutes passed by and still no fire department. I called them again and they said that they were having trouble reaching the firemen. Apparently the firemen were getting a weird sound over their pagers.

I had called them again and they told me that the firemen were on their way. They went out to Murray Corner first. Then they arrived ten minutes after. One barn was burnt and one car was on fire. They were putting water in the tub and half of the water went on the ground. Instead of watering the house down, they tried to put the barn out.

Everyone told the fire department that they should have stayed home, because two barns, three cars and the house had all burnt. I got things out of the house before it caught on fire.

The house did not burn to the ground but the fire went up the eaves of the house and burnt my room and the attic. I blame the new 911 system and the fire department because the system screwed up. The system should have stayed the way it was and then my family would still have what burned in the fire.

**TAKE A CHANCE AND GAMBLE ON YOUR FUTURE....  
GO FOR YOUR GED**

**GED ESSAY TOPIC**

The good thing about winning a million dollars would be that you could buy (or build) yourself a new house and buy a new car or rebuild an old one. You could buy anything you wanted in the world. If you wanted to you could start your own business. If a person played it smart and was living by themselves they could retire and lay back and relax for the rest of their lives. A person could eat what ever they wanted forever. Someone could put the whole one million dollars in the bank and let it sit for thirty or forty years and have a lot more than a million. You could payoff all of your bills too.

The disadvantages about winning a million dollars would be the media bugging you to see what you would do with the money and ask you questions like, "How does it feel?" or "Could I get a picture please?" Another problem would be with friends who would ask you to pay them back money, saying, "Remember when you borrowed this amount of money from me?" Family members would ask to borrow money or people with the same last name as you could say, "I am your cousin. Do you think I could borrow some money?"

If I won a million dollars I would tell no one and stay out of the media spotlight so I would not be bothered by people. I would build a house out in the woods so no one would know where I was.

TRICO WISHES YOU THE BEST

**GED ESSAY TOPIC**

Adam Kenny

I think that having a job is great because you have your own money that you have earned. It is best to stay with one job for life, if you can. Here are reasons why you should stay with one job but make sure you like the job.

It is better to stay with one job because you would become friends and stay friends with your co-workers. If you went to a new job you would not know anyone. If a new job was farther away than your old job, you would save gas. If you stayed with one job you would get promotions every year or a bonus that gets bigger each year. You would become one of the top guys in your business.

If you switch jobs then you are likely to start at lower pay than before and at the bottom of the business ladder. If you stay with one company you will have to take some training courses. People these days should go for a trade because computers will take over all other jobs. People with trades will make the big bucks in the future.

## BEST WISHES FROM A FRIEND

### **GED ESSAY TOPIC**

Adam Kenny

I think marijuana should be legalized because a lot of people smoke it, grow it, and sell it. people who get caught doing these things will go to jail or get a fine for it. When they get out they would go back and do what they were doing before they went to jail. people who smoke it won't listen to anyone who tells them to stop smoking it.

Some people need it for cancer and other diseases. That is prescribed by doctors. The government could make billions off of marijuana. Drug dealers could too. They could have special permits to grow and sell it to the government. They could get them self some too and not get in trouble for it. The money that the government would make off of this they could build a marijuana plant, then after that they could use all the money they get to go towards hospitals for more hospital beds, better health care, doctor's, price could be subsidized for dental care, glasses and eye examinations could be cheaper. They could payoff the debt, build better schools, create more jobs for Canada, or build new roads instead of repairing them. Instead of putting it towards a new house or jet for Jean Chretien.

Last night I was talking to my friend about how marijuana should be legalized. On the news last night was a story about the liberals (Jean Chretien) wanting marijuana legalized but the alliance says no. It is going to be legalized soon enough, no matter who does not want it legalized .

## LITTLE SHEMAQUE CONTRY INN

### **PIG DAY** **Brigitte Lietz**

I usually go on Tuesdays and Thursdays to school. Last week on Tuesday I missed because my husband needed me to load the pigs on the truck and drive with him to the slaughter house in Moncton. It started with helping him on Monday night put the ramp in the right place. We made a small way where they had to go.

The next morning I put on my "extra work" clothes for loading the pigs. My husband drove the truck back to the ramp, put some hay and pig food on it. Then he opened the door to the pig barn, but no pigs wanted to go. They were happy where they were.

We tried to chase them out of the barn. They came out, but not to the ramp. We pushed and pushed every single pig to get them up. If one was on the car and found the food he would stay there. It was hard to do. One pig moved around and I had a free ride back to the barn.

After all the pigs were on the truck and our clothes were wet from sweat. We went in to wash up and change clothes and we took off. Our pigs were the first and everything was finished by 11 o'clock. We stopped by Mac Donald's for lunch and went home. After all this dirt and sweating it was a nice and enjoyable day.



## BEST WISHES FROM THE VILLAGE OF PORT ELGIN

### **My health insurance experience**

We have been in Canada for more than 10 years now. At the time I started working I took out accident insurance so that, if something happened to one of us, we would get some money. After my 50th. birthday a woman from this insurance company collected the premium and offered a health risk insurance that I took. It was a 10 year payoff insurance policy for 10,000 dollars for medical expenses which covered cancer, stroke, heart attack and more. It was a good deal. Then with this 2,880 dollars I would be insured for 10,000 dollars. Upon my death, they would pay 2,880 dollars for my funeral.

Last year my bank shut down and I had to switch to a credit union. I had to notify all the companies I do business with of my new banking arrangements. I had to sign a lot of forms and send them with void cheques to these companies, including this insurance company.

But I made a mistake in filling out my policy number. On my next monthly statement from my bank, I saw something was wrong. The bank had taken \$33.60 from my account. I went to my bank to ask where this money was. At this time they paid it again, then it was after the 20th of the next month. I canceled this payment and sent some photocopies from my statements to the insurance company. The normal premium of 24 dollars a month was still paid from my account.

After 2 months a lady called and later they sent a cheque for \$67.20 and wanted to switch to the credit union after the 8th. of August. My last payment was on the 9th. of July and I waited for the next statement. In October I found out that the insurance company never opened another file. I called and asked the same lady, if I sent the premium for the next 5 months a cheque for 120 dollars if it would be OK? She said it would be fine, but it was not.

After Christmas the lady found out the premium from July was missing, but I have it on my July statement. She wanted to renew the policy and start the 10 year payoff policy all over again. But I've paid already for 2 years. This money would be lost. At this point I made another phone call to the lady from the insurance company, and told her I was writing a story for my English class about my insurance experience. I asked her if she wanted a sad or happy ending. She asked if I could send her a photocopy of my July statement. If it was OK she could track my policy. I did what she told me and I thought it was a good thing that I came to the English classes in Port-Elgin.

## TELL A FRIEND ABOUT CASP

### **It is not a true story just an imaginary one**

#### Brigitte Lietz

Last week I found a bag containing 10,000 dollars in a back alley. Today I'm very sorry I found that money. Let me tell you why.

I was invited to my friend's birthday party. It was her 60th birthday. It was a huge party and all the cars blocked the driveway and the road. I found a parking spot in an alley. The party was great and it was late when I left the party.

I unlocked my car and saw a plastic bag between my tires. I pushed it away with my foot. Then I saw some money looking out. I took a closer look. This plastic bag was crowded with money in all sizes. I took it with me and drove home.

The next morning was my school day so I drove to Port Elgin. After classes I stopped at the police station to report the found money. They asked me a lot questions like "Why didn't I come last night or early this morning?" "Did I want to keep it?" "Where exactly did I find it ?" "What was I doing in this place?"

Then he told me, there was a robbery in Sackville the night before. Two men had stolen \$20,000 from a grocery store. In this bag was only \$10,000, so the other half was still missing. I had to drive with the officer to the alley and show him where exactly I had found it and at what time I went home. The officer wrote a statement which I signed.

I came home from school late that afternoon. Then I had to explain to my husband where I had came from. If I had known that trouble before, it would have been better to keep the money.

But after all I did get finder's fee of \$1,000!



## **My vacation in Germany**

At long last the day finally came for me to leave on my German vacation. My plane was leaving at Midnight, so I left home at 2 p.m. by car and I took the bus to the Halifax airport at 3:20 pm. I was at the airport at 6 pm.

First I looked for a wagon for my luggage. Then I walked through the airport and checked at the Canada 3000 counter if my plane was on time. In one corner of the waiting area was sitting an older couple, who I had seen on the bus before. This couple was very friendly. We were laughing and talking a lot.

At the Canada 3000 counter was the check in for Munich. Then we saw a man who looked like an old Bavarian guy with leather pants 3/4 long, wool socks and big hiking shoes, and a green jacket with a feather cap. We thought this guy wanted to go to Munich. But we were wrong.

After some talking with the counter girls, one of them came to our waiting area and asked for help. This Bavarian guy couldn't talk English at all. He arrived in Halifax from Munich with Air Canada and wanted to go to St John's. He missed the plane because his had been late.

I had to help him translate his other plans. We went to the Air Canada counter, but the two air companies had no business together. He would have to pay for the hotel and the next flight himself. I had to help him buy a pre-paid calling card and press the 27 numbers before he got his brother on the line.

Then he decided to spent the night at the airport. The hotel price for one night was 110 dollars. It was too much money for him. The next morning at 10 am he had to check in for the St. John's flight.

Before I left for Germany, I saw him walking through the long halls in the airport. I think he had a long night. We checked in at 9 pm and got our boarding card. The plane left Halifax at midnight.

## KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

My mother and aunt picked me up at the Hamburg airport at noon the next day. We needed another hour by car to be at my mother's place. First we had a coffee and sandwiches. After my aunt went home I unpacked my luggage and had a shower.

Late in the afternoon my mother and I went to bowling. My mother has no car, so we took the bikes. My first night I had a good night sleep. The rest of the week we spent time with craft courses, bike rides and gymnastics. Almost every night we played cards with my aunt and some neighbors. My mother needed a rest from me, so she went on vacation to the sea for one week. She had booked it a long time before she knew I was coming.

My daughter picked me up on Saturday at noon. This week was very different. Playing with the grandchildren and quiet TV nights. Wednesday was a holiday and we visited a flea market. I found an antique book, that I had always wanted. I was happy about this.

My mother called at Friday. My nephew Karl-Mattes was born. My brother just married this summer and had a whole ready made family. We were invited on Sunday afternoon to see the baby. My younger brother, his girlfriend, my mother and I went to Hamburg to see the baby. The baby just two days old was a really good-looking boy. I took some photos of everyone with the baby, but none of me. I've never been in a photo taken by my camera.

Now one week was left. My aunt's car broke down, so not the promised car trip. On Monday I was to see the dentist. He pulled out a rotten root. I couldn't eat for two days. The rest of the week was almost the same as the first one. On Friday we went shopping, my mother, my aunt and I. We drove to a shop which sold furniture and household goods. It took us six hours to see everything. On the top floor was a restaurant, where we had lunch. After all my mother bought a lamp, my aunt some cookies and I bought a shortcake pan. This shopping trip was harder than eight hours work.

Later at home I started packing my suitcases. On Saturday morning I called everybody goodbye, and my aunt drove me to the Hamburg airport. My plane was on time and I arrived in Halifax at 3:20 pm. My husband picked me up, to be sure I am really home. Three weeks in Germany is a long time, but after all it was a short time.

## **Siberia for problem kids**

Brigitte Lietz

Every country has a problem with children. In Germany they fixed it with a new program and I think it is a good idea. A lot of the children are growing up without parents or support. They start stealing, drinking and taking drugs. Nobody want them anymore.

The 14-17 old children are going to Siberia. They have to live on a farm with pigs, cows and a big garden. The next house is 30 km away. There is no choice to go away. The children have to cook their own meals and if they want potatoes they have to dig them out of the garden. They have to feed the pigs and cows and clean the barn.

The children stayed there for 1 year, and after this most of them won't go home. For the first time in their whole lives they felt good and important.

## **My first skates**

Brigitte Lietz

When I was a kid, we lived in a small city. Next to our road there was a forest with a lake. Every winter this lake was frozen. My first skates, my Dad's old ones, were way too big. They were screwed to the winter boots, which were 5 cm too long.

A bunch of girls and boys all the same age went every afternoon to the lake to learn how to skate. For all the kids it was the first lesson. We had a good laugh about how we were doing. It was not easy standing straight on the skates and sliding over the ice. At the end of the winter we were doing fine.

On one side of the lake was a spring. By the end of February the ice broke next to the spring. We were still skating, but one day I came too close to the spring and the ice under my feet broke. I was up to my knees in ice cold water. My other friends helped me out. They walked me home and helped take off my cold wet clothes. My mother got me a hot lemon drink. The next day I was back on the lake.

**If you win in 6/49 it is not enough**

Brigiitte Lietz

Every morning during breakfast we watch the News on the DW channel. After this they showed a report from the Hamburg harbour. It was a huge dreamboat built in Norway. It almost looked like the Titanic without the chimney, but the name is "The World". It has 12 floors with a pool, cinema, golf course, restaurants and shops. Also it has fitness and beauty salons for relaxation. The best part is nobody can just take a cruise.

The ship's owner was selling apartments. The prices are between 1 1/2 and 5 million US-dollars and after this once a year 1/4 million US-dollars for electricity and water.

These apartment owners are sure they have only rich neighbors and meet only rich people in the shops and restaurants. I hope they are happy on this ship.

The ship is going around the world. At one time it was at the Carnival in Rio. Then it's off to the next Olympics in Greece. The ship will be there too.

This is the life!!!

## GOOD LUCK MEETING YOUR GOALS

### **It is spring** **Brigitte Lietz**

We sat on the patio, and we saw a skunk walking over the fields. I remember that last year our dog "Muschka" spent one night in the porch because of her smell. This skunk was walking slowly, like it had just awaked from hibernation. I called the dog inside because I didn't want her stinking again.

After a while the skunk disappeared. The dog didn't like staying inside because we were outside. After some barking, we let her out. We thought the skunk was gone, so not to worry.

It was getting late, and I had to go inside. But where was "Muschka". She was not around. Then I saw the skunk again and behind him was "Muschka". The skunk slowly took one step at the time and so did "Muschka". She never came closer than two meters. I think she remembered too how she stank last year. Later when she arrived, she was proud of herself.

### **Kleenex story**

It was a very nice day. The sun shone the whole morning. Our orange cat was laying on the couch. I did my morning chores, then I wanted to go out to clean the garden before winter. Then why is the cat laying on the couch and outside the sun is shining? She can come with me. We went out together. Later that day, I was inside to prepare the lunch, I heard a car stop and some people talking on the road. Then my husband came home with the orange cat holding her head down. She died on the road. Why did I force her outside? But she didn't know the cat rules. No cat's allowed on the road.

## EDUCATION IS AN OPEN BOOK ON LIFE

### **My vacation in Germany**

**Brigitte Lietz**

At long last the day finally came for me to leave on my German vacation. My plane was leaving at Midnight, so I left home at 2 p.m. by car and I took the bus to the Halifax airport at 3:20 pm. I was at the airport at 6 pm.

First I looked for a wagon for my luggage. Then I walked through the airport and checked at the Canada 3000 counter if my plane was on time. In one corner of the waiting area was sitting an older couple, who I had seen on the bus before. This couple was very friendly. We were laughing and talking a lot.

At the Canada 3000 counter was the check in for Munich. Then we saw a man who looked like an old Bavarian guy with leather pants 3/4 long, wool socks and big hiking shoes, and a green jacket with a feather cap. We thought this guy wanted to go to Munich. But we were wrong.

After some talking with the counter girls, one of them came to our waiting area and asked for help. This Bavarian guy couldn't talk English at all. He arrived in Halifax from Munich with Air Canada and wanted to go to St John's. He missed the plane because he had been late.

I had to help him translate his other plans. We went to the Air Canada counter, but the two air companies had no business together. He would have to pay for the hotel and the next flight himself. I had to help him buy a pre-paid calling card and press the 27 numbers before he got his brother on the line.

Then he decided to spend the night at the airport. The hotel price for one night was 110 dollars. It was too much money for him. The next morning at 10 am he had to check in for the St. John's flight.

Before I left for Germany, I saw him walking through the long halls in the airport. I think he had a long night. We checked in at 9 pm and got our boarding card. The plane left Halifax at midnight.

## KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

My mother and aunt picked me up at the Hamburg airport at noon the next day. We needed another hour by car to be at my mother's place. First we had a coffee and sandwiches. After my aunt went home I unpacked my luggage and had a shower.

Late in the afternoon my mother and I went to bowling. My mother has no car, so we took the bikes. My first night I had a good night sleep. The rest of the week we spent time with craft courses, bike rides and gymnastics. Almost every night we played cards with my aunt and some neighbors. My mother needed a rest from me, so she went on vacation to the sea for one week. She had booked it a long time before she knew I was coming.

My daughter picked me up on Saturday at noon. This week was very different. Playing with the grandchildren and quiet TV nights. Wednesday was a holiday and we visited a flea market. I found an antique book, that I had always wanted. I was happy about this.

My mother called at Friday. My nephew Karl-Mattes was born. My brother just married this summer and had a whole ready made family. We were invited on Sunday afternoon to see the baby. My younger brother, his girlfriend, my mother and I went to Hamburg to see the baby. The baby just two days old was a really good-looking boy. I took some photos of everyone with the baby, but none of me. I've never been in a photo taken by my camera.

Now one week was left. My aunt's car broke down, so not the promised car trip. On Monday I was to see the dentist. He pulled out a rotten root. I couldn't eat for two' days. The rest of the week was almost the same as the first one. On Friday we went shopping, my mother, my aunt and I. We drove to a shop which sold furniture and household goods. It took us six hours to see everything. On the top floor was a restaurant, where we had lunch. After all my mother bought a lamp, my aunt some cookies and I bought a shortcake pan. This shopping trip was harder than eight hours work.

Later at home I started packing my suitcases. On Saturday morning I called everybody goodbye, and my aunt drove me to the Hamburg airport. My plane was on time and I arrived in Halifax at 3:20 pm. My husband picked me up, to be sure I am really home. Three weeks in Germany is a long time, but after all it was a short time.

**My friendly car**  
**Brigitte Lietz**

A long time ago, my daughter was a teenager and came home with her first boyfriend. I was laying in bed with the flu. The boyfriend and my daughter came into my bedroom and asked how I was feeling, what they could do to help me, and if I needed groceries. Yes, I needed a lot of the regulars like milk and bread.

I have to tell you. I had just got my first car, a yellow ten year old Renault with a long gun-handle gearshift, but paid for in cash. Germans call this kind of car "the ugly yellow duck". I was very proud of this car.

My daughter's boyfriend had his driver's license for one year and asked for my car. I got him the car key and some money as well as the shopping list. With a big smile he left the room.

About 15 minutes later I heard a noise and thought, "that was going fast". The smile was gone and he said, "The car won't start."

"How can that be? My car never lets me down." I asked him, "What have you done with my car? Did you kick it?"

He said, "Yes, but not at first. I think it needs gas."

"I don't think so, the tank is half-full." I put on my jogging suit and went out with them. I stroked my car and said, "Don't be mad, I'll try it again". I turned the key and it ran.

The boyfriend and my daughter made big round eyes and started laughing about this funny car. They got the groceries and when they came home, they were still laughing.





## BEST WISHES FROM A FRIEND

### **I am waiting** **A Brigitte Lietz**

After reading my story you will say, "I will do the same stupid thing too."

It was one night around 9 pm last April. The doorbell rang. There was an unknown man standing there and he told me that just in front my house his car had run out of gas. He was going home after work. He lived close to the bridge. He told me his name and asked for some gas.

I went out and got him my full 5 liter spare gas tank. He was driving a blue 1/2 ton truck and I hoped he would get home with this. We went to his truck and he couldn't find his wallet. He said he left it in his working car. I got him the gas and he promised to pay me the next night. I am still waiting for him!



### **Finish the story**

The plane was about to land. The pilot droned on about the warm temperatures and the time change. Our winter vacation on the sandy beaches of the warm Caribbean was about to start. All of a sudden.....

All of a sudden the engine stopped and the plane slipped right in the next forest. There was a terrible noise of splitting and cracking wood. The plane ripped down the middle just between the seats. It took me a while to think after stretching arms and legs, we were still alive. We all were fine, not even broken bones. But where were we? In the middle of a forest maybe an hr. walk from the airport where we were expected. We had to decide which direction. We were not sure that the head of the plane showed us the direction as most time the planes circle the airport first. Somebody said it would be better if we stayed and waited for help. The stewardess informed us there was only some water for coffee and tea left and no food. We all hoped, they would find us soon. They would miss us already. We started collecting our luggage from the storage room. It was getting dark and we laid down on some blankets. Somebody made a fire as it was getting cold at night. The fire was bright and we hoped they would find us. At 7 o'clock I woke up hearing a cracking twig. I saw some men with flashlights our rescuers. One day later we arrived at the hotel next to the beach. We were tired, cold, hungry, and happy.

**The Bear**  
**Peter Reid**

One day there were two men who were going to the camp in the mountains in Colorado Springs. Joe and Mike ate some food and then they got their stuff and put it in the truck. It took two days to get there.

Joe has dark hair, blue eyes, 5.9, 150 pounds. Mike has light hair with blond in it. Mike is 5.6, 144 pounds.

They got to the camp and saw the camp had been broken into. So they went in to see what was gone.. When they went in they saw a big bear in the camp so they ran out of the camp and into the truck. They sat in the truck for about I hour. Then the bear came out and went in the woods.

Joe and Mike went into the camp and started to clean it up. It took the two man three hours to clean up the camp. That night they heard a big bang. They got up and looked out the window and saw the bear hitting the truck. Joe ran out of the door and Mike ran to get the gun. Mike shot the bear six times and then the bear hit the ground. Joe and Mike skinned the bear and took the meat home and were happy.

## **MY TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND**

Peter Reid

My dad and I left to go to Newfoundland one day at 5:00 in the morning. We were in a Kenworth truck with a 460 cat diesel. It took me and dad 5 hours to get to the boat. We had to wait 3 hours for the boat. My dad and I played my play station and watched a movie. Then we got on the boat. The boat ride was 6 hours long. I played in the arcade for about 3 hours. I watched a movie and then I had a sub and 4 beers. Then we got to Newfoundland.

We went to Mary's Town and St John's. We were there for 4 days. I drove at night and dad drove days we took a load of snow blowers. We took 6 to Marystown and 8 to St John's and then came home.

## **FINISH THE STORY**

Peter Reid

One day I was walking down the street and then I saw a car coming toward me. The car hit me and I flew about ten feet. The car was going about 50km. The ambulance came and took me the hospital.

I was in the hospital for 4 days and 3 night with a cracked rib and a concussion.

When I got out I went to my house. Then I found out who hit me. I waited for 3 weeks and then I found him in Amherst. I hit him with a baseball bat and beat him until he was half dead. Then the cops came and chased me for 3 hours. They got me and took me to jail for a year.

## **Journal Entry**

Peter Reid

It was an afternoon only a few days before my sixteenth birthday. As I headed home from the park I bounced my basketball. I listened to music on my walkman and I thought about my birthday.

I couldn't wait for my party. My mom had ordered a big chocolate ice cream cake. All my friends were coming. It was going to be great.

There was just one problem, Tara, my little sister. Tara's five and she's a real brat, but there was no way to keep her out of the party.

I kept walking and bouncing the basketball. Maybe Tara will get the chicken pox or something. I thought then she would have to stay in bed. I smiled and bounced the ball again. It was a bad bounce. The ball came down on a sprinkler and rolled under a hedge. As I bent down to pick it up I got a weird feeling. It was as if someone was watching me. I turned and saw a gun in my face. Then bang.....

## MURRAY CORNER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

### **THANKSGIVING** **Cherrada Rennick**

Thanksgiving has been a family tradition for many years. People celebrate this day by having a big feast of turkey never did celebrate this tradition feel that it is a poor excuse for a holiday. Although I do agree that it all ways nice to have a time away.

Most people celebrate this tradition by getting hammered or stoned. I choose to hang out with my buds. I do not like turkey nor do I like ham and I refuse to clean up after on of those dinners, Its just too much of a mess. It makes me stop and think about all the poor little turkeys that get killed.

Most people celebrate it weather they're ready for the winter or not. Maybe some day I will like to celebrate it, but for know I still think it's a poor excuse for a holiday.

### **T REX**

It was a nice day out in the woods today. I was hoping it would stay a nice day. I was looking for someone to hang out with. A lot of the kids in the neighborhood had tree houses in the woods. That was where all the kids would party.

Today was different I couldn't see anyone. Then out of nowhere I heard something. The bush was shaking. I was going to go closer when I saw Jason and Joseph. They were happy to see me. I asked them why they were shaking the bushes. Jason told me and I couldn't believe it. He said there was a huge T -REX somewhere that had eaten everyone.

Jason and Joseph where the only ones that lived. We went back to my house and got two guns each. Then we were back in the woods looking for a big green T-REX.

We found him and all took aim firing at his head. All the bullets were gone. The T-REX was dead we each got 4 million dollars for bravery. The money was in our hands and we were off to the liquor store and to the pot house.

**Finish the story.....**

Cherrada Rennick

It was a glorious morning. The sun was shining brightly. The birds on feeders all were in great voice, and colourful crocuses were breaking through the light blanket of snow which twinkled like diamonds. It seemed like a beautiful spring morning, but when I looked out the back door I saw that the snow was Red!

I called my husband to go see what it was and he didn't come downstairs. When I called for him again I heard a gun shot. I grabbed the cell phone and hid in the bathroom closet. I heard someone run down the stairs and out the door. I opened the closet door and ran upstairs. My husband wasn't there. There was blood on his shirt that was on the floor.

I ran to the window to look out and there was a dragged blood trail to the shed. I went under the bed and called the police. When they showed up they looked in the shed. I couldn't stop crying. The police came in the house to tell me what the f#\*k was going on. I was so scared and upset. They had told me my husband was in the shed I didn't even hear anything else they had to say.

I passed out as soon as I heard them say that. When I woke up my husband was sitting on the edge of the bed getting dressed. I hugged him and said, "I thought you were dead!" He laughed and said, "No, what do you mean?"

I told him that I was talking to the police and that they had told me that you were dead! "Oh, I thought that they told you why I was in the shed. I'm certainly not dead but the two bears are that I shot."

"You shot two bears?"

"Ya because they were attacking Rusty." Rusty was a big dog we had had for years. He told me that Rusty was a little shaken up but that he would be fine. He told me that he had gotten a 10 THOUSAND DOLLAR fine - 5 thousand per bear!

I was so happy he was still alive, but at the same time I punched him in the face. I told him he would have to pay the fine himself.

He got so mad when I hit him he packed all his stuff and bought a plane ticket and left. I never saw him again.

Five years later I got remarried and told my new husband that if he ever saw a bear in the backyard, no matter what, not to shoot it. I told him the whole story and told him he would get a punch in the head too.

## BEST WISHES FROM A FRIEND

### **PITBULLS** James Smith

On Saturday, April, 20th, A buddy of mine, Nathan and I went on a big bender. We drank four cases of beer. We partied all day.

We went to bed at about 2:00am and ended up waking up to the dogs fighting. Where I live there are two pitbulls and a chow. They used to all get along but the older pitbull went into heat and started being a b\*\*\*h with the other pitbull. Many people say that pitbulls are very viscous dogs, they're not. They are animal aggressive. Anyway about 3:30am Nathan and I woke up. I ran downstairs and was really scared. There was blood everywhere. It looked like someone took buckets of blood and dumped them all over the main floor of the house. I hollered up to Nathan and Said get the F\*\*K down here. He ran downstairs and we both began to panic.

So we ran to the dogs and separated them. Then we ran down the road to use the phone, and so I called Bev and Terry. The people I live with. I was still drunk. Nathan and I went back down to my house and we started to clean up. We cleaned up blood from 4:00am till 12:00 or 12:30pm. We were very tired and we both wanted to go to bed.

We went to look at both dogs Felony was hurt but Red Dog was really hurt her head was mangled. Red Dog use to attack Felony right as soon as she seen her. But I think that Felony just couldn't take it anymore and just snapped. Red Dog was bad. She had big gouges in her head and her ear was partly torn off nose all mangled.

We had to give Felony away. That way she won't be bothered by Red Dog. Felony's just down the road at a friends house so I can go down and visit her. I'm hoping both dogs will be all right. And I'm also hoping Red Dog comes along soon.



## PORT ELGIN COMMUNITY ACCESS CENTRE

### **Everyone is welcome at the Access Centre!**

The Port Elgin Community Access Centre gives the community high quality access to training, the internet, e-mail, research resources, publishing, and entertainment. You can call 538-2127 to book a reservation!

**CASP would like to thank the Access Centre for their support. Again this year they have granted us the privilege of using the Centre's resources. Without this assistance our yearbook would not have a finished look!**

**The Access Centre is located in the library of the Port Elgin Regional School on Moore Road. Call them for the latest in courses and get the new summer hours of operation!**